

The Musical World.

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VOL. 53—No. 21.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1875.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sixth Appearance of Mdme Christine Nilsson.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 22nd, will be performed GOUNOD's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, M. Capoul; Mephistophiles, Signor Rota; Valentino, Signor de Reschi; Wagner, Signor Costa; Siebel, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Maria, Mdme Demerle-Lablache; and Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her sixth appearance this season). Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Extra Night.—Tietjens—Mdle Anna de Belocca—Mdle Pernini. On MONDAY next, May 24, MOZART's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Cherubino, Mdle Anna de Belocca (her first appearance in that character); Il Conte d'Almaviva, Signor de Reschi; Figaro, Signor Calassi; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Costa; Basilio, Signor Rinaldini; Don Curzio, Signor Grazi; Susanna, Mdle Pernini; Marcellina, Mdme Demerle-Lablache; and La Contessa, Mdle Tietjens.

Seventh Appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson.

On TUESDAY next, May 25, VERDI's Opera, "IL TROVATORE." Manrico, Signor Campanini; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Calassi; Ferrando, Signor Costa; Ruiz, Signor Rinaldini; Un Zingaro, Signor Casaboni; Azucena, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Inez, Mdle Bauermeister; and Leonora, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her seventh appearance this season).

Mdme Elena Varesi.

On THURSDAY next, May 27 (Subscription Night, being the fourth of the Six Subscription Thursdays announced in the prospectus), will be presented BELLINI's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Amina, Mdle Elena Varesi (her second appearance in that character).

Doors open at Eight o'clock. Commence at Half-past Eight. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

MISS JULIA MATTHEWS as GIROFLE-GIROFLA.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 22nd, will be performed (first time this season), GOUNOD's Opera, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdle Albani (her first appearance in that character); Mdle Scalchi; M. Faure (his first appearance this season), M. Maurel, Signori Tagliafico and Nicolini.

On MONDAY next, May 24, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Mdme Adeline Patti; Mdles Cottino, Scalchi; Signori Marini, Capponi, Sabater, and Graziani.

On TUESDAY next, May 25, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdle Albani (her second appearance in that character).

On THURSDAY next, May 27, "IL TROVATORE." Leonora, Mdme Adeline Patti; Mdle Scalchi; Signori Marini, Tagliafico, and Graziani.

On FRIDAY next, May 28, fourth performance of RICHARD WAGNER's celebrated Romantic Opera, "LOHENGRIN." Elsa di Brabant, Mdle Albani; Mdle D'Angeri; M. Maurel, Signori Capponi, Nicolini, and Herr Seidemann. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On SATURDAY, May 29, "FRA DIAVOLO." Zerlina, Mdle Zaré Thalberg (her third appearance in that character, and her eighth on any stage); Mdle Scalchi; Signori Ciampi, Sabater, Tagliafico, Capponi, and Naudin. Conductor—Signor Revgman.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

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VERDI'S REQUIEM.—Special Repetitions at cheap prices. This (SATURDAY) Afternoon, May 22, and May 29. In consequence of the immense success of the REQUIEM, Signor VERDI has been induced to give two more performances on the above dates; and in order that every one may have an opportunity of hearing this great work, the prices will be fixed as follows:—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; arena stalls, 6s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, One Shilling. The Solos will be sung by Mdme Stoltz, Mdme Waldmann, Signor Masini, and Signor Medini—Dr Stalner. Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Full Band of 150. Conductor—Signor VERDI. These performances will commence at Half-past Three, and conclude about a Quarter-past Five. Tickets at NOVELLO's; and the Royal Albert Hall.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce

that her SECOND MATINEE MUSICALE will (by kind permission) take place at 59, Lowndes Square, Belgravia, on MONDAY, June 7th, at 3.30, on which occasion she will play works by the following Masters: Ballade in G minor, Op. 23, and Tarentelle in A flat, Op. 43 (Chopin); Fugue Allegro con fuoco in F minor, No. 5 (Mendelssohn); Etude, "Si oiseau j'étais" (Henselt); Andante in D flat, Op. 32, and Fantasia (Mazurka) (Thalberg); Grand Octave Galop de Concert (Kettner). Miss Lillie Albrecht will be assisted by Mdles J. Sherrington and Enriquez, and Signor Monari-Bocca. Conductor—Mr CHARLES E. STEPHENS. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; family tickets (to admit three), One Guinea; to be had at Messrs Cramer, 201, and Duncan Davidson & Co., 244, Regent Street; or of Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

MONS. PAQUE begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on THURSDAY, June 3, at 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square. Tickets at 120, Great Portland Street, W.

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MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, May 27th.—Mr SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE" (accompanied by the Composer) and "TOM BOWLING." **St James's Hall, Eight o'clock.**

MDLLE VICTORIA BUNSEN has the honour to announce that she will give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT**, at 28, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, S.W. (by kind permission of Major Wallace Carpenter), on **WEDNESDAY, May 26th, 1875**, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock, under the immediate patronage of his Excellency the Count Münster (German Ambassador), his Excellency the Count de Bylandt (Netherlands Minister), his Excellency the Baron Hochschild (Swedish and Norwegian Minister), the Baroness Hochschild, the Right Hon. Lord Eliot, and Mdme Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne and Mdle Victoria Bunsen; Herr Werrenrath (the Danish tenor), Mr Shakespeare (his first appearance since his return from Italy), Sig. Campobello, Sig. Caravoglia, and Sig. Ürio. Instrumentalists: Violin—Mdme Varley-Liebe. Pianoforte—Mdle Felicia Bunsen and Signor Tito Mattel. Conductors—Sir Julius Benedict, the Marquis d'Havet Zuccardi, Il Cavaliere Campana, and Herr Ganz. Tickets, One Guinea each; to be obtained of Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; and of Mdle VICTORIA BUNSEN, 22, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

Under the Patronage of the Right Hon. the EARL and COUNTESS of DUDLEY.

MDME MANGOLD DIEHL begs to announce that she will give a **MORNING CONCERT** at **St James's Hall, on SATURDAY Afternoon, June 12th**, on which occasion she will be assisted by Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Elizabeth Philip, Signor Foll, and Mr Stanley. Other eminent artists will appear. All communications to be addressed to Mdme MANGOLD DIEHL, at her residence, 7, Regent's Park Terrace, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

MESSRS J. LUDWIG and H. DAUBERT'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS, at **LANGHAM HALL, 43, Great Portland Street**, on **WEDNESDAYS, May 26th, June 9th and 23rd**, at Half-past Eight o'clock. Programme of Second Concert, Wednesday next: Trio, B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven); Lieder by Liszt and Brahms; Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin (Bach); Solo, violoncello, Sonata in A major (Bocherini); Spring Song (Willem Coenen); String Quartet in G minor, Op. 74, No. 3 (Haydn). Executants—Messrs Franklin Taylor, J. Ludwig, C. Jung, J. Zerbini, and H. Daubert. Vocalist—Mdle Helene Armin. Conductor—Mr J. ZERBINI. Stalls, 7s.; to be had at Chappell & Co., Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., New Bond Street; C. E. Flavell, 26, North Audley Street; and Siegle, 110, Leadenhall Street, City.

MISS PURDY'S MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place (by kind permission) at 70, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, on **MONDAY, the 7th June**. Address to Miss PURDY at her residence, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

AGNES and VIOLET MOLYNEUX (the Juvenile Pianists) will give a **SOIRÉE MUSICALE**, at the **BETHOVEN ROOMS**, on **THURSDAY Evening, May 28**. Vocalist—Mdme Poole. Accompanist—Mr Lindsay Sloper. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.; at Messrs Chappell's, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs Cramer, Regent Street; Mr Austin, St James's Hall; and of Madame MOLYNEUX, 22, Euston Square, where terms for the above Entertainment may be obtained.

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"I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN."

MR ARTHUR THOMAS will sing **WILFORD MORGAN'S** new Song, "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN," at **Woolwich, May 21st**; and **Westbourne Hall, June 1st**.

"HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME?"

MR ARTHUR THOMAS will sing "HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME?" (Sacred Song), by **WILFORD MORGAN**, on **June 1st**, at **Westbourne Hall**.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR GERARD COVENTRY will sing (for the first time since his return from Milan), at **Signor Torretti's Concert**, on the 24th inst, **ASCHER's** popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and **Sir Julius BENEDET's** "NULLA DA TE."

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MR EMILE BERGER will arrive in London the first week in June. All communications to be addressed care of **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.**

MRS ELIZABETH BEESLEY (Pupil of Dr. Hans von Bülow), who made so successful a debut at the New Philharmonic Concert at St James's Hall, on the 8th inst., will remain in Town for the Season, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts and Private Parties. Communications to be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street.

MONSIEUR DIAZ DE SORIA begs to announce his arrival in London for the Season, and that he can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address, 42, Great Portland Street, W.

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BALLAD.

Words by **H. SAVILLE CLARKE.**

Music by **EMILY BARDSLEY FARMER.**

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JOSEPH WILLIAMS, Berners Street, and Cheapside, E.C.

MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(Continued from page 299.)

Having in the former essay closed with the last of the bards, we still deem it our duty to continue looking back at the history of the art for more than a century, in order to be able draw a fair comparison between the past and present.

Handel arrived in Dublin Nov., 1741. But, long before he honoured this city with his presence, music had been cultivated heartily and progressively. We start from Carolan, of whom Goldsmith says that, "of all the bards this country ever produced, the last and the greatest was Carolan the blind. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to the harp." Goldsmith was wrong here, for the last of the bards was Denis A. Hempsey, whom we have spoken of in the former essay. Carolan was born at the village of Nobber, county Westmeath, in 1670, on the same lands which had been wrested from his ancestors. He really was a musical genius. His devotion to the fair Bridget Cruise, whom he so fondly loved, but whom he was never to wed, though, it is said, her heart was not denied him, and whom he has immortalized in song, is one of those charming episodes which spring from the poetic temperament. Nothing can be more touching than the incident which occurred on his returning from St Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in the Island of Lough Derg; when, on reaching the shore, other devout travellers wishing to get on board, he chanced to take the hand of a lady, and instantly exclaimed, "This is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" and so it was. His sense of feeling had become intensified. This event is the subject of the late Samuel Lover's charming lyric—

"True love can ne'er forget
Fondly as first we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!"

Carolan was a man of genius, endowed with a stupendous memory, as the following, quoted from the *Monthly Review*, will prove:—"At the house of an Irish nobleman, where Geminiani was present, Carolan challenged the eminent composer to a trial of skill. The musician played over on his violin the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. It was instantly repeated by Carolan on his harp, although he had never heard it before. The surprise of the company was increased when he said he would compose a concerto himself at the moment; and more so when he actually played that admirable piece, known since as "Carolan's Concerto." We think this piece has imperfectly come down to us, for Goldsmith says that, "for spirit and elegance, it might be compared with the finest compositions of Italy." Carolan died in 1739, in his 68th year. He is buried in the parish church of Kilonan, Ardagh, Westmeath, where his skull is preserved in a niche. He may be called the last of the bards. But his history and previous records prove that music was cultivated in Ireland when melody was scarcely known in other lands. Lord Kames says that the old Scottish tunes were originally Irish compositions, which James I.—who was himself a fine musician—had adapted to the Church service; and Pope calls Ireland "the mother of sweet singers." If space permitted, we could give many interesting anecdotes of the bards.

A Philharmonic Society and an Academy of Music existed in Dublin long before Handel's visit. The Academy built a music hall in Crow Street for the practice of Italian music. There were likewise many other musical societies in Dublin at that time. The Charitable Music Society—*par excellence*—also entitled the Philharmonic, that met at the Bull's Head in Fishamble Street—originated the funds which built the large music hall in that street—afterwards turned into Fishamble Street Theatre—where Handel's *Messiah* was first introduced, under the direction of the immortal composer. Previously it was the practice of those societies to amalgamate, and, with the additional assistance of the Choristers of St Patrick's, Christ Church, and the Chapel of Trinity College, give annually concerts of sacred music in the Round Church—St Andrew's—for the relief of distressed debtors in the Marshalseas of Dublin, and also in aid of Mercer's Hospital. At these meetings some of the works of Handel, such as the *Utrecht Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, and the *Coronation Anthem*—with anthems by Green and Boyce, formed the programme. The Lord Lieutenant and Lords Justice always attended in State, and gentlemen of rank officiated as stewards. The service was ren-

dered after the manner of the cathedral, and a sermon was preached for the charity. Now, let the reader remember that this was so far back as the year 1730, and let him contrast the present state of music with the past. At the present there is certainly a Philharmonic Society, thanks to Apollo—of which more will be said in a future notice. There is a University Choral Society, supported by the students, whose efforts are calculated to keep up a taste for music in college, and also to disseminate it wherever they may be placed in after life. There is an Academy of Music, with a Government grant, which has done little as yet towards art progress—save to enable the affluent to get short lessons in singing and playing the pianoforte from competent professors at lower terms than could be accepted by the numerous outside teachers, giving to the rich the advantages of a Government grant and the subscriptions of the benevolent, which we deem were originally intended to be expended upon the musical education of young persons who manifested a natural instinct for the art, but whose means would not permit them to pay for the instruction necessary to its development. An admirable concert, lately given under the auspices of the Academy of Music, deserves mention here. It was a step in the right direction, and a more legitimate application of the funds of the institution than that just alluded to. Yet it must be kept in mind that the chorus was augmented from without, and the band consisted mainly of performers unconnected with the Academy. There is in Dublin no choral society for the masses of the people—no permanent orchestra. Therefore none of the oratorios of the great masters can be produced, and we are left behind the large towns in England in musical culture, though possessing ample material for the formation of a large choral body. Certainly glees are sung by one or two parties in admirable style, and there are likewise a few good solo singers and players; yet what a contrast to the last century, when the highest in rank and opulence not only patronized the art, but assisted at the performances. Marmontel remarks that "*le goût se rectifie à mesure que l'art l'éclaire en lui présentant d'age en âge pour objets de comparaison, des modèles plus accomplis.*" But where are our citizens to seek their models, and what opportunity have they at present of drawing a comparison between what is false and true in art? The Earl of Mornington—father of the great Duke of Wellington—was leader of the Philharmonic Society, which held its meetings in the Music Hall, Fishamble Street, in the year 1740. Among the violoncellos were Lord Bellamont, Dean Burke, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, and Sir John Dillon. The harpsichord was taken by Lady Freke and the Hon. W. Brownlow, and the principal flute was Lord Lucan. The members were numerous, and each performed on some instrument. Once a year they gave a public concert for some charity, to which all who purchased tickets were admitted. The present state of music in Dublin forms but a sorry contrast to this. We shall close with a short account of Lord Mornington. His father played well on the violin, which delighted the child in the nurse's arms long before he could speak. Dubourg, who was the leader in Handel's time, was on a visit at the family seat, but the child would not permit him to take the violin from his father until his little hands were held. After hearing Dubourg the case was altered, and there was much more difficulty to persuade him to let Dubourg give the instrument back to his father. Nor would the infant ever afterwards permit the father to play when Dubourg was in the house. This anecdote is related by the Hon. Daines Barrington in his *Miscellanies*, 1781. At nine years old he could play, and shortly after he took the second violin in Corelli's Sonatas. At fourteen he studied the harpsichord, and afterwards so quickly qualified himself for the office of organist, that in less than a year and a half he astonished his audience by sitting down and playing an extempore *fugue* on the organ erected by his father in the private chapel. The Dublin University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music, and nominated him to the Chair of that Faculty. He was the first Professor of Music in the University. His works are full of graceful melody; with harmonies which show the hand of the musician. "Here in cool grot" gained the prize given by the Catch Club in 1779. Among others of his vocal compositions we may mention "O bird of eve" for five voices, a glee of great beauty, and full of that unspeakable charm which makes its way through the ear to the heart. H. T.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The second performance of *Lohengrin* may be said to have justified the impressions created by the first. To speak in any other than general terms about the music of such a peculiarly constructed work is out of the question; but to listen without being deeply impressed by certain passages, as, for instance, the duet between Lohengrin and Elsa, after the bridal ceremony, and again the final scene, when the "Knight of the Swan" takes eternal leave of his disconsolate bride, argues, in our opinion, insensibility to the highest beauty of which musical expression is capable. We have never advocated the peculiar theories the application of which Herr Wagner thinks indispensable to ideal perfection; on the contrary, we have been unable to see little chance of our ever being able to understand and admit their truth. But to deny the stern consistency with which he has endeavoured, and still endeavours, to enforce and carry them out is manifestly unjust. His method of treating lyric drama is, no doubt, opposed to what has hitherto been generally accepted as "form," and formless music is thus, again, according to those accepted ideas, the rule rather than the exception. But now that, at last, after a storm of discussion which has for more than a quarter of a century divided the champions of the musical art into two hostile camps, Herr Wagner has obtained a hearing among us, let him be fairly judged. Truth must prevail in the end, however loud the talking on either side. We have hitherto, in this country—the two performances of the *Fliegende Holländer* at Her Majesty's Opera some years ago allowed for—exclusively been permitted to judge of Wagner's music through the medium of detached pieces; and these, for the greater part, when separated from the context, especially in considering his later works, fail to make any strong impression. As component parts of the whole, however, they possess a clear significance which, if admitted in *Lohengrin*, will probably appear still clearer when what Wagner regards as the full expression of his ripe maturity comes before us. A more convincing proof could scarcely be named than the instrumental prelude to *Lohengrin*, which when played apart from the rest seems, to ordinary musical understandings, little else than a brief display of unusual orchestral colouring; but, when heard in conjunction with the opera, assumes both importance and poetical significance. Meanwhile *Lohengrin* is to be given for the third time very shortly, and, doubtless, will be given a fourth time and a fifth; so that closer familiarity will enable impartial judges to form an opinion as to whether such an endless succession of declamatory recitative is in the construction of an operatic entertainment ever to supersede the rhythmically proportioned melody to which up to the present time the greatest dramatic composers have accustomed us. That Beethoven was not of that mind, any more than was Mozart, is evident in his *Fidelio*; and Beethoven, according to Wagner, spoke the last word, until Wagner himself arrived to set on foot a new form of art combination, and invent a new musical phraseology. All we wish to urge is—let him speak for himself, and be judged dispassionately. Mr Gye, with the aid of Signor Vianesi, Mdle Albani, Signor Nicolini, and the rest, has given him a fair chance; and now another awaits him at the theatre hard by.

That the *Barbière di Siviglia* of Rossini was speedily to follow upon the coming of Mdme Adelina Patti might have been taken for granted; and few were surprised, none disappointed, at seeing it chosen for the gifted lady's second appearance. The characters of Dinorah and Rosina are about as unlike to each other as two things of a kind can well be—as unlike, in fact, as the music of Meyerbeer is to the music of Rossini. But Mdme Patti of recent years has made both of them her own so completely as to justify the opinion that she has no rival in either. As her reception was on Tuesday in *Dinorah*, so was it on Thursday in the *Barbière*. All the old "points" were reproduced, all the old demonstrations of satisfaction were repeated. The cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," was never vocalized with more facility, or ornamented with happier profusion; the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son," never more effectively sung, or acted with shrewder significance. But why enter further into particulars about a performance so familiar? Enough to add that as it began, so it proceeded, and that a crowded and brilliant audience was from first to last enchanted. In the scene of the "Lesson" Mdme Patti introduced a waltz air from Gounod's

Mireille, and for the inevitable encore substituted "Home, sweet home," a ballad for which she entertains a marked predilection and sings with expressive tenderness. What "Home, sweet home" can have to do with the *Barbière*, the audience, so long as Mdme Patti makes choice of it, neither know nor care. Her companions were Signors Piazza, Cotogni, Ciampi, and Baga-giolo. As times go, Signor Piazza, who has a light and flexible tenor voice, and acts with spirit, is a sufficiently agreeable *Alma-viva*. The Figaro of Signor Cotogni is familiar; so are the Bartolo and Basilio of the other two gentlemen. All three, Signor Cotogni especially, exhibited those qualities which have obtained for them general acceptance. Signor Vianesi presided in the orchestra.

During the week there was another performance of *Guillaume Tell*, the noticeable feature in which was the return of Mdme Campobello Sinico, in her own part of Mathilde. Mdme Sinico received a cordial welcome, as might have been expected.

On Saturday night the opera was Auber's ever welcome *Fra Diavolo*. The second part essayed by Mdle Zaré Thalberg suits her quite as well as the first. She enters with the same intelligence into Auber's Zerlina as into the Zerlina of Mozart. To name only the most trying situation—the opening Act 2, where, in the solitude of her chamber, little dreaming she is watched by the unscrupulous brigand and his associates, the innocent maiden gives free expression to delight at the thought of her approaching nuptials with Lorenzo—nothing can be more engaging than Mdle Thalberg's conception. There was all the requisite spirit and spontaneity, accompanied by a gentle unobtrusiveness investing it with a charm apart. We need not describe the familiar incidents of which the scene is composed, and must be satisfied with this general expression of approval. It may be added, nevertheless, that Mdle Thalberg's execution of the music was as finished as her delineation of the character was attractive—not merely in the well-known air before the looking-glass, the repetition of which by his confederates leads in the end to the capture of Fra Diavolo himself, but in the opening *cavatina*. Here Mdle Thalberg combined the song originally written for the situation with a quick movement, in waltz-measure, from *Haydée*, a much later opera by the same composer. The perfect manner in which the whole was given pleased the audience so greatly that an "encore" was unanimously asked for, and the quick movement repeated. Enough for the present that the young *débütante* has, by this performance, earned another success which enhances the general interest felt in her artistic progress. To have accomplished thus much already, with only seventeen summers to account for, says no little. The other characters were sustained by the same artists as those associated with the clever Mdle Smeroschi a short time ago. The conductor was Signor Bevnigani.

The operas performed during the week have been *La Traviata*, with Madame Patti (Monday); *Fra Diavolo*, with Mdle Thalberg, (Tuesday); *Lohengrin*, third time (Wednesday); the *Barbière* (Thursday); and the *Huguenots* (last night). *Faust*, with Mdle Albani, Signor Nicolini, and M. Faure is announced for this evening—six performances!

THE YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A person hailing from Leeds on May 4th, and who, unfortunately for himself, has the temerity to sign himself "Veritas," informs us that "Dr Spark does not inaugurate the organ at the exhibition in this town," &c. All I have to remark on this gratuitous piece of information is to give you the following extract from the first official communication I received on the subject:—"Will you provide music on the grand organ on Friday, 14th May, by performances, morning and afternoon? This is the first half-crown day, and will, in point of fact, be the opening of the organ," &c. Also, in the official advertisement which appeared in all the local papers, Saturday, May 8th, it was prominently announced that—"The committee have made arrangements with Dr Spark (Borough organist) to inaugurate the organ on Friday." . . . You will, in future, be wary of trusting your correspondent "Veritas," who is probably the author of an equally true statement which appeared in your issue of May 1st, respecting the payment of artists for their services at Leeds, in the performance of *Elis*, on March 18th. Your insertion of this in your next number will oblige. Yours faithfully, WM SPARK.

Springfield Villa, Leeds, May 17, 1875.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The return of Signor Fancelli has enabled Mr Mapleson to bring out, once more, the *Huguenots*, with great completeness of effect. Such a Valentine being at hand as Mdle Tietjens, who made her still-remembered *début* in the same character at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1858, two years later than Piccolomini, and three years earlier than Adelina Patti became known to the English public, the superb lyric drama of Meyerbeer was looked forward to as a matter of course. Then, to Signor Castelmarty was assigned the character of Marcel, which stands side by side with those of Valentine and Raoul; while Madame Trebelli-Bettini, as the page Urbano, in which her supremacy has long been acknowledged, placed the distribution of the four chief personages well nigh beyond criticism. In the duet with Marcel (scene of the *Pré aux Clercs*), efficiently supported by Signor Castelmarty, Mdle Tietjens created, as always, a striking impression; but the culminating point, as from time out of mind, was the grand scene between Valentine and Raoul, after the "Benediction of the Swords." Here Signor Fancelli rose to the dignity of the occasion, and the applause at the descent of the curtain was more than ever enthusiastic. Beyond saying that to the new soprano, Mdle Pernini, was intrusted the part of Marguerite de Valois; that Signor Galassi represented St Bris; that Signor de Reschi was Nevers; and that Sir Michael Costa's orchestra and chorus, under the sway of their distinguished master, displayed their accustomed zeal, it is unnecessary to add another word about the *Huguenots*, the second representation of which was as effective as the first.

M. Capoul's reappearance has materially strengthened the tenor department of Mr Mapleson's company. It has also brought back Gounod's *Faust*, for years regarded as indispensable at both our opera houses, and, with so poetical a Margaret as Mdme Christine Nilsson, invariably a strong attraction. It was as Margaret that the admirable Swedish songstress, early in her career, gave indications of those qualities which, by aid of assiduous study, have enabled her to rise to the position she now occupies, both as a vocalist of high attainments and as an actress of high rank. She is not simply the familiar Margaret of the painter, but the no less familiar "Gretchen" of the poet. With the experience of years her portrayal has gained in ripeness and consistency, and is now, beyond question, without a superior. On no occasion that we can call to mind has Mdme Nilsson created a livelier and more genuine impression. The meeting with Faust at the "Kermesse" was acted with the retiring grace which always distinguished it; the ballad at the spinning-wheel ("C'era un Ré di Thulé") was perfect in its way; and the love-duet with Faust exhibited more impassioned feeling than it had ever exhibited before. But the Cathedral scene, and that of the prison, brought a conviction more forcibly to the mind that Mdme Nilsson, with the inward consciousness of power, had determined to become actress as well as singer, and thus to realise the "ideal" which should be the ambition of every lyric artist aiming at the highest honours. Mdme Nilsson was admirable in both of these scenes, into a detailed description of which, so familiar are they, we may be dispensed from entering. Her voice was in excellent condition; and, to go back to an earlier incident of the opera, her execution of the famous "Jewel Song," in the Garden scene, was so facile and brilliant as to elicit an encore, with which there was no alternative but to comply. M. Capoul is precisely such a Faust as the French composer must have imagined. In the scenes with Margaret, this artist, long recognized as the love-maker *par excellence* at the Opéra Comique, throws a sentiment in its way irresistible. Signor Rota was welcomed again, as one of the most competent existing representatives of Mephistopheles; Signor de Reschi was an acceptable Valentine, Mdme Demerit Lablache an excellent Marta, and Mdme Trebelli a Siebel not to be surpassed. How familiar is the orchestra with M. Gounod's work every amateur knows. Repetitions of *Lucia* and *Il Talismano*, and a performance of the *Trovatore*, with Mdme Nilsson as Leonora, completed the proceedings of last week.

The operas performed during the present week have been *Faust*—with Mdme Nilsson (Monday); *La Sonnambula*—with Mdle Varese (Tuesday); *Lucrezia Borgia* (Thursday). *Faust* is to be repeated this evening.

BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

At the Royal Operahouse, Mdle Keller, from the Stadttheater Leipsic, has appeared as Azucena in *Il Trovatore*, and Ortrud in *Lohengrin*, producing a favourable impression in both characters, though her voice somewhat lacks strength and richness in the lower notes. A still more successful candidate for public favour was Mdle Hasselbeck from the Stadttheater, Königsberg. As Agatha, in *Der Frieschütz*, she won golden opinions from all sorts of persons: from the military exquisites, with fine padded chests, clanking sabres, and jingling spurs, in the stalls; from fair and blue-blooded "Vons" in the first tier; and from the equally aesthetically inclined, though more plebeian, patronisers of the *Paradies*, or gallery. Her next character, if we may trust the current report, is to be that of Ines in *L'Africaine*. Mdle Stolberg, a young and talented member of the Theatre Royal, where she is a popular favourite, will shortly leave that institution for the Royal Operahouse. She possesses a fine contralto voice, which she has been assiduously cultivating for some time past, and her training as an actress will infallibly stand her in good stead on the lyric stage. It seems by no means unlikely that Mad. Lucca will shortly be heard here once more. The Berlin *Echo*, referring to this contingency, observes: "The appearance of Mad. Lucca as Selica, a short time since, before his Majesty the Emperor, at Wiesbaden, has given rise in the Berlin papers to conjectures that somewhat resemble fears lest the capricious little vocalist should again gain a footing here. The writers attempt, however, to calm their apprehensions by asserting it to be utterly impossible for the Royal Intendant-General to agree to, and to pay, even such a salary as would be far inferior to that which the *Diva* now receives from her present manager, Sig. Merelli. Moreover, she evidently will not, it is asserted, sing in Berlin, where she fears a coalition against her (?), because the manager of Kroll's Theater, as, likewise, the manager of the Victoria Theater, has in vain offered her 1,000 thalers a night for every night she plays. But all these convulsively consolatory arguments fall to the ground if we weigh them against the following certainly striking facts. The Intendant-General arranged with Mad. Lucca for a short starring engagement at the very time the Emperor was stopping at Wiesbaden, and his Majesty conversed most affably with the lady during the *entr'actes*. Now, if an invitation to return, though only for a flying visit, to the scene of her former triumphs be not on the cards, we may as well give up anything like surmise. That the lady should be unwilling to come out at a second class theatre, simply strengthens the supposition that she prefers appearing as a star at the Royal Operahouse."

The projected performances of a Russian company at the Theatre Royal will not take place, the agreement made between the Russian manager and Herr von Hülsen having been cancelled, by mutual consent, in consequence, it is alleged, of the discovery that the pieces to be represented were of the most childish and farcical character, utterly out of keeping with an institution like the Theatre Royal. Pecuniary considerations, moreover, were not foreign to the question. The Russians had performed and failed in Paris, where the manager contracted liabilities to the extent of 3,000 thalers. He requested Herr von Hülsen to advance him this sum "on account." Herr von Hülsen declined to accede to the application, and both parties, as before mentioned, cancelled the agreement by mutual consent.

Of the members of the Royal Operahouse now absent "upon leave," Mad. Mallinger will perform, towards the close of the present month, four times at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, the characters selected by her being Elsa in *Lohengrin*, Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser*, Susanne in *Le Nozze*, and Marguerite in *Faust*. Mdle Brandt first sang a few nights at Stuttgart; she next proceeded to Gratz, and thence she will probably go to Vienna. Mdle Grossi winged her flight to the Stadttheater, Hamburg, and made her *début* as Isabella in *Robert le Diable*. Herr R. Wagner, it is now confidently stated, will himself superintend the getting up, and conduct his *Tristan und Isolde* at the Operahouse next winter. Mad. Mallinger will represent Isolde; Herr Niemann, Tristan; and Herr Betz, Kurwenal.

The title: Professor, has, by a ministerial edict, been conferred upon Herr A. H. Ehrlich, pianist and musical *feuilletoniste*.

LOHENGRIN.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

At last, after years of waiting—weary waiting, perhaps, we may not call it—the English opera-goer has seen and heard Richard Wagner. There is reason for congratulation in the fact itself, stripped of all attendant significance. Ever since the reformer of opera began to make a noise in the world, he has been to us a vaguely-defined and shadowy personality. Now and then, in concert-rooms, we have caught a glimpse of a figure which, we were told, resembled him very slightly; and once, on the stage of Drury-lane Theatre, appeared a strange, but not unattractive, personality which Wagner's friends said was a representation of his immature youth. Otherwise, the great man has resembled to us one of Ossian's shadowy heroes, "orating" from a distant mountain-top, while his form loomed vaguely and mysteriously through a fog. For a long time English amateurs cared little about the matter. They had their Beethoven and Mozart, their Rossini and Meyerbeer, their Donizetti and Auber—operatic composers quite good enough for them; and so it happened that, if ever their eyes rested upon the misty outlines of Wagner's figure, no special desire was excited. But men and women cannot long see anything dangled just out of their reach without wishing to grasp it. For this reason, if not on account of an intelligent interest in the question which Wagner represents, there grew up amongst us a real curiosity to know what the most notorious of modern musicians really is. The extent and depth of that curiosity may be measured by the fact that Mr Gye now counts upon it to repay an expenditure of some £4,000 upon the production of *Lohengrin*. It was well, therefore, to have it appeased. But what Wagner did the people go out for to see on Saturday night? There are many forms of him. Here he shows himself barely distinguishable from the mass who labour in the same field of art. There he is recognized by wearing a kind of motley, half conformable to usage, half eccentric, if not wholly new. Yonder he stands alone in his glory, bearing no likeness to anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath. The revelation of this latest development would perhaps have been too much for us, and it was fortunate that Mr Gye presented Wagner in an earlier and less strange aspect. There are some things, and Wagnerism is one, up to which men must be educated. The eye accustomed to darkness is blinded by a rush of light. It needs to pass gradually into the full glory of day. So must the musical amateurs of our benighted nation—Philistine, we believe, is the appropriate term—progress towards the complete Wagner. The *Nibelungen Trilogy* would confound us. The milder dose of *Lohengrin* may do us good. Let us see how the dose was mixed, administered, and received.

Nearing Covent Garden we are sensible of a special occasion. The long "rank," the hurrying of visitors on foot, the prevalence of "scores" appropriately bound in the loudest of colours, and the feverish activity of those who sell books of the words "in both languages" all bespeak a great night. The lobby is crowded, and long before the time when Signor Vianesi lifts his baton the unreserved parts of the house are crowded to excess. A good look at the packed amphitheatre and gallery, the tenants of which will "assist," in no conventional meaning of the term, at the performance, repays trouble. The Teutonic element is there in strong force, signalized by round florid faces, a profusion of straw-coloured beards, many spectacles, and a prevailing expression of that solemn thoroughness which characterises the worshipping German mind. It is a great occasion with our cousins. They are in earnest, and, should the indifference of Englishmen be very conspicuous, may wax angry—a grave matter in these times, if not a *casus belli*. Lower down, the reserved seats fill quicker than they are wont to do, and even there a certain gravity prevails. Eyes that most often have opera-glasses glued to them are fixed upon unfamiliar pages; heads that usually nod to a circle of acquaintances are quiescent in the act of trying to comprehend the "myth-matter," which, as we have lately been told, represents to us, who are only "compounds of consecutive generations," the "pure symbols of primeval forces." Even Royalty basks in the dawning light of the day of future opera. First to enter the Royal box are the Duchess of Cambridge and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, after whom come the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, with their respective suites. But much more conspicuous to discerning eyes than these "dignities" is the gathering of men and women famous in the worlds of literature and art. "Everybody is here who can claim to be anybody," a magnificent compliment to Wagner, which should gratify his ambition, even though his opera be hissed off the stage. But now appears Signor Vianesi, with a shade of care upon his face, which those who know what Wagnerian opera expects can readily understand. A minute's pause, and then the prelude begins. We do not like the manner of its beginning. Liszt describes the opening bars as a "vaporous

ether," but we find them neither vaporous nor ethereal, but simply a commonplace sequence of chords for violins, in eight parts, played much too loudly. This ill-advised opening lessens the effect of the *crescendo* which illustrates the descent of the Holy Grail. Wagner himself says of this prelude that it suggests a "miraculous troop of angels bearing in their midst the sacred vessel." He goes on: "The holy procession draws nearer; the heart of the elect of God gradually exalts itself, it enlarges, it dilates; ineffable aspirations awaken in him; he experiences increasing happiness in finding himself attracted by the luminous apparition, and when, at last, the Holy Grail itself appears in the midst of the sacred *cortège*, he falls into ecstatic adoration, as though the entire world had suddenly disappeared." All this is hidden from the bulk of the audience, who recognize no more than a highly-coloured but vaguely suggestive movement, wherein the orchestra is handled with consummate skill. The Teutons aloft are, of course, an exception. With them "the entire world had suddenly disappeared," and they like vacuum so much as to clamour for its renewal, which boon Signor Vianesi obligingly grants. Then the curtain rises, and we are translated to the banks of the Scheldt, near Antwerp, nine hundred years ago—a splendid picture, and one that does infinite credit to Messrs Dayes and Caney. Over the foreground stretch the arms of royal oaks, and in the distance, bordered by rushes, flows the "lazy" river, while a bright sun sheds its glory upon all. But the proper study of mankind is man; and we turn from the natural features of the scene to the glittering array of princes, knights, and soldiers, drawn up around King Henry the Fowler. The action soon begins. Four trumpeters—there are sixteen somewhere about the theatre, and all are not good—execute a fanfare, and a Herald (Signor Capponi) steps forward to explain why the King has summoned his vassals. The vassals say they are ready to fight, and the King (Herr Seidemann), in a voice which suggests that the damp air of the Low Countries scarcely agrees with him, gives particulars, winding up by demanding of Frederic of Telramund (M. Maurel) why disunion and strife prevail in those parts. Frederic steps forward to say that Elsa (Mdlle Albani), his ward, and daughter of the late Duke of Brabant, was strongly suspected of having made away with her brother Gottfried. On this account, he (Frederic) could not marry her, as had been arranged, but had chosen Ortrud (Mdlle d'Angeri), whom he presents to the monarch. Frederic winds up by charging Elsa with fratricide, and claiming the Duchy as his own. All this (13 pages) goes on mostly in such recitative as proves the truth of what was said of *Tannhäuser*—"the four-and-twenty keys do not afford a good basis for the ear." A German critic once wrote, *à propos* to the music of this scene: "It is mere bungling—nay, it is filth, the most despicable violation of the rules of art; and if any one should cry out and tell us that we are stupid because this music does not please us, we appeal to a far more certain organ than the brain, and reply, 'You cannot possess ears if you are fond of revelling in such discord.'" We will hardly go so far as this writer, but in good sooth Wagner's wild shrieks of liberty from the dominion of the tone-family are distressing enough to make us ask him for an explanation. He is ready, of course, and tells us, referring to the discovery of the relationship of all tones, that "music shot up into an immense and varied expanse, in which the absolute musician, swimming about without an object and without repose, began to lose courage. Before him he saw naught but an endless heaving mass of possibilities, but was conscious of no object within himself to determine them. . . . Thus the musician almost felt obliged to regret his immense swimming capabilities; he yearned for the still creeks of his original home again, where, between narrow banks, the water flowed tranquilly in one definite stream." Hence the sway of the limited tone-family, from which a strong swimmer like Wagner is of course free. He can plunge about, shooting rapids, tumbling down cataracts, and gyrating in whirlpools, with an immunity of which Captain Boyton never dreamed—and he does it. But the action of the drama goes on. Henry determines to sit in judgment then and there upon Elsa, whom the Herald summons to appear. The royal maid is supposed to be wandering that way. At any rate, she hears the trumpeters (as we do emphatically), and enters, attended by her women. The King asks if she will be judged by him. Elsa consents, and goes on to tell, in dreamy fashion, of a resplendent knight and champion, whom visions have made known to her. The music is here full of tenderness and beauty. It is melodious besides, and the ear rejoices in it as the eye, after long gazing at sandy desolation, revels in the sight of verdant fields and towering palms. Moreover, Mdlle Albani sings charmingly, and gives a foretaste of the excellence which will characterize her performance as a whole. Moved by the favourable impression which Elsa has produced, Frederic claims the ordeal of single combat. The King consents, and, the lists having been prepared in solemn form, calls upon Elsa

to name her champion. She chooses the hero of her dreams, vowing that his shall be her hand and crown; whereupon the Herald, backed by his noisy trumpeters, again and again calls for the favoured warrior without avail. In an agony of apprehension, Elsa and her ladies fall upon their knees to pray for his advent. As they do so, the crowd nearest the river utter words of astonishment, and presently is seen, in a small boat drawn by a swan, a Knight covered with resplendent silver armour. It is Lohengrin (Signor Nicolini), who comes, not in visions now, to fight for the cause of innocence and beauty. A wonderful double chorus expresses the astonishment of the on-lookers—such a chorus as only genius could have written; because suggestive in itself, without help from words, of the tumultuous feelings incidental to the situation. Here, not the Germans up aloft merely, but everybody is delighted, and, in response to loud applause, Signor Vianesi repeats the chorus. Well for him that Wagner is not present to witness the dramatic absurdity of a crowd making believe to see an apparition in the distance, when, all the time, it is waiting only a few feet off. The assembly welcomes Lohengrin in a few jubilant bars, after which the strange Knight dismisses his swan, and comes to the front as a short chorus is sung in his honour. At this point recitative begins again. Lohengrin is accepted by Elsa as her champion and husband, subject to the condition of asking no questions about his name, race, or country. This matter arranged, Lohengrin denies the charge of Frederic, and the two knights prepare for combat, while the Herald warns all and sundry not to interfere. But, before the struggle, it is necessary to invoke the justice of Heaven; Henry descends from his throne to act as priest as well as king; and another vast *ensemble* echoes his prayer. The episode is grandly conceived and worked out, but its execution is a sad business; ears already shocked enough by Wagner's doings among the "endless heaving mass of possibilities," being tortured by singing not even approximately in tune. We now watch the encounter with breathless interest. Frederic is worsted, of course; and, as he creeps away, Elsa begins a song of triumph, which expands into a lengthened and elaborate finale of a commonplace character, and productive of no more than vulgar effects. Upon this the curtain descends amid roars of applause that only cease when the principal performers have twice bowed their acknowledgments. So far the opera is a success. We are dazzled by the splendour and chivalry of the scene, impressed by the poetic beauty of the story, and, hardly less, by the novel character of its musical treatment. But are we satisfied as well as excited? Some of us, at least, must answer, "No." Weary of blazing tone-colour, endless surprises, unmelodious declamation, and the constant strain at which the composer works, we doubt—while calling to mind the dungeon scene in *Fidelio*, and the supper scene in *Don Giovanni*—if this be the only true dramatic music.

(To be continued.)

MELBOURNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Allen English Opera Company has returned, after a successful and lengthy tour. Miss Alice May left behind her the most pleasant recollections. Since the Allen *troupe* left, we have had Italian opera, with Mme Palmieri, and *opera bouffe*, with Miss Thompson, Miss Winstone (who has become a great favourite), Messrs Fox, Bracey, and Farley. M. Blondin now appears nightly between the acts of the *Grand Duchesse*. To-night is to be his last; and the great rope-walker leaves by the mail which takes this letter. Mme Bishop gives a sacred concert at the Theatre Royal on Good Friday, and a series of concerts in Easter week. The Royal English Opera Company are resting for a short period, and will appear next in Adelaide.

Melbourne, March 24.

DÜSSELDORF.—A one-act romantic opera, entitled *Der Geiger von Gmünd*, has been successfully produced at the Stadttheater. The libretto is by Herr Hermann Hirschel, and the music by Herr Josef Stieh.

HANOVER.—Liszt played recently at a concert in the Theatre Royal, in aid of the fund for erecting a monument at Eisenach in honour of Johann Sebastian Bach. The programme, composed exclusively of works by that great master, included a Church Cantata for Solo Singers, Chorus, and Orchestra; Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello; "Präludio, Sarabande, and Bourrée for Violoncello; two Chorales (the Cathedral Choir); Concerto in C major, for Two Pianofortes, and Fantasia with Fugue on the notes B A C H; and Liszt's Variations on the *Basso continuo* from the sacred cantata: *Weinen—Klagen—Sorgen—Zagen*.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

At the Imperial Operahouse, Miss Minnie Hauck has been engaged for a few performances in the first week in June. Immediately afterwards, *Aida* will be played twice, under Verdi's direction. The characters of *Aida* and *Amneris* will be sustained by Mesdames Waldmann and Stolz, who sustained them on the first production of the opera at Cairo. The first appearance of Herr Hans Richter as *Capellmeister* was marked by a change in the mode of performing a well-known work—Beethoven's *Fidelio*, to wit. The overture No. 3 to *Lenore* was played before the curtain went up, instead of, as hitherto, between the acts. The reason for this innovation is that the action of the opera may not be interrupted, and that the prelude to the second act may be heard to advantage. For next season there is a prospect of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* (not performed for thirteen years), *Rigoletto*, and *Le Fils Prodigue*, which was once a favourite opera here, but has disappeared from the repertory since the death of Herr Ander. The novelties are to be *Tristan und Isolde*; *Carmen*, by Bizet; *Timbre d'Argent*, by St Saëns; and a romantic opera by Ivar Hallström. There is a talk of an Italian season in March and April, with Patti and Lucca, Nicolini, Capoul, Debassini, and Zucchini.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The concerts given on Whit Monday at the Albert Hall were not so well attended as they probably would have been had not their promised attractions been outbid by the pleasures elsewhere—those brought about by fine weather and the enjoyments of the green fields. There was a tolerably large audience in the evening. The programme was good of its kind, and compiled wholly in the interest of the holiday-makers, whose tastes were propitiated by a round of songs and ballads, most of them "familiar as household words," interspersed with the pleasant part-singing of the Albert Hall glee party. Mr Sims Reeves was announced, and, not only so, appeared, much to the satisfaction of the sceptics, who, taught by experience, had hoped against hope and dreaded a repetition of old disappointments. The great tenor, however, was, upon this occasion, at hand, and, happily, in excellent health. He sang a new song, of the plaintive school, by Arthur Sullivan, called "The love that loves me not," and Hatton's never failing "Good bye, sweetheart, good bye," in both of which he challenged the encores to which he is entitled by right as well as by compliment. The new song by Arthur Sullivan will, doubtless, meet with a cordial welcome in the drawing-room. Its dreamy tenderness will invite the sympathies of many a gentle amateur, who will essay it accordingly, and in many cases, it may be assumed, with success. The delicate finish with which Mr Sims Reeves rendered it was beyond all praise, and the song had the further advantage of being accompanied by the composer. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, another of the fixed stars at the Royal Albert Hall, headed the list of vocalists, and her well-known version of "John Anderson, my jo," and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls"—the latter followed, upon encore, by her husband's pretty song, "Down in my heart a little bird"—were received with the customary marks of approbation. Equal in importance to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was Madame Patey, who is now also one of the indispensables of a popular concert. Wallace's charming setting of "Sweet and low," Barnby's new song, "Thou whom my heart adareth," and "The minstrel boy," were the vehicles chosen to exhibit her fine voice and exemplary taste; and two of them, if not the whole three, were redemanded. Mr W. H. Cummings was in good voice and good spirits, and contributed Blumenthal's dainty song, called "Yes!" and "Draw the sword, Scotland," in his own neat and unaffected manner. And then there was Signor Foli to sing Diehl's patriotic song about "Dear England"—

"Where a slave cannot breathe, or invader presume
To ask for more land than will cover his tomb"—

and "Hearts of oak"—gems both in the ears of a Whitsuntide audience. Besides the above singers, Mdle St Alba warbled, in a showy style, the bolero from Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani*, and, later in the evening, "Kathleen, mavourneen." Among the best events of the programme, however, were the performances of a pair of De Beriot's ornate violin solos, by a Mdle Clarita Sanjuan—a lady who, there is every probability, will be in request at other concerts during the present season, on the strength of her very remarkable ability as an executant—a beautiful quality of tone and consummate tenderness of expression being also characteristics of her playing that will not be overlooked. The glee singers interposed their part-songs at frequent intervals, their most acceptable exploit being the "Three chafers," which was encored; and Mr Hoyte topped and tailed the concert with performances on the organ. The songs were accompanied by Mr W. H. Thomas.

D. H. H.

ST JAMES'S HALL,
 REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.
MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Fifteenth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 28, 1875.
 FRIDAY, June 4, 1875.
 FRIDAY, June 11, 1875.

FRIDAY, June 18, 1875.
 FRIDAY, June 25, 1875.

FOURTH RECITAL,
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 28, 1875.
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

TRIO in A, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA . . . *S. Bennett.*
 GRAND SONATA in C, Op. 53, for pianoforte—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ . . . *Beethoven.*
 "GEDENBLATT," Serenade in B major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA . . . *T. Kirchner.*
 THREE PENSEES FUGITIVES (a) Romance, (b) Intermezzo, (c) Lied, for pianoforte and violin—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA . . . *Heller and Ernst.*
 TRIO in E flat, Op. 40, for pianoforte, violin, and horn—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and M. VANHAUTE . . . *Brahms.*
 Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), 7s.; balcony, 3s.; area, One Shilling.
 Tickets may be had at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Ollivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co.'s, 48, Cheap-side; Hays's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TOSQUATO.—Goldoni (the Molière of Italy) was born at Venice, on the 25th of February, 1707.

LAVENDER PITT.—No. The opera, *Tigrane*, was by Righini. Mr Pitt probably refers to the *Zaire* of Winter.

AMATEUR.—The sisters Marchisio sang first at Paris, in 1864, when the opera selected for them was *Semiramide*.

DR EVERY.—When Dr Sloman's *Supplication and Praise* was performed in the Royal Albert Hall (June 17, 1874), Mr Edward Bending—not Dr Hough—was the organist, and Mr William Carter conducted everything except the work of Dr Sloman. Dr Every is right about the Processional March from *Placida*, but wrong in each of his other statements.

VERITAS.—The concert referred to by our correspondent was given at Dudley House (Park Lane), on the 4th of July, 1861. Madame Lind Goldschmidt *did* sing, as also Signori Giuglini and Belletti. Herr Otto Goldschmidt was pianist and conductor, Herr Deichmann violinist, and Signor Piatti violoncellist. The concert was for the benefit of the Society of Female Artists.

MARRIAGE.

On the 19th May, at the Chapel Royal of the Savoy, by the Rev. H. White, HARRY, eldest son of Mr Charles Turner, of the Royal Nurseries, Slough, to ELIZABETH, only daughter of Mrs Bacon (Miss Poole).

DEATH.

On May 17th, at 17, Keppel Street, Russell Square, ANTONINE, wife of Alexandre Billet, Esq., aged 51.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1875.

WE are glad to find the "provincial" press exerting its influence in a direction we have always advocated, and, to the best of our ability, shall continue to advocate,

for the benefit of art and its professors. Read the subjoined extract from a recent article in the *Liverpool Mail*:—

"The disgraceful turmoil amidst which a concert at the Philharmonic Hall terminated on Wednesday evening directs attention to a subject which stands in need of rational adjustment. We refer to encores. In many cases these uproarious manifestations of British delight have ceased to be a compliment; they have become a nuisance. The incident at the Philharmonic Hall was an illustration of the latter phase of the subject. Mr Sims Reeves is, no doubt, a popular man; but it is both unreasonable and ill-mannered in an audience which has gone to hear a specified programme insisting upon its principal items being duplicated. It is useless to pretend that this demand is dictated by uncontrollable admiration of the artist; it is pure selfishness and greed on the part of the audience, who want two concerts for their one payment. Mr Reeves was gracious enough to submit to one encore on Wednesday; but when, later in the programme, he again performed his allotted work, and the audience repeated their demand for a second ballad, Mr Reeves stoutly resisted the importunity. When the people shouted, he bowed, and on five successive occasions came before them in answer to their enthusiastic applause. Mr Reeves declined either to repeat "Tom Bowling," or to give another song in its place, and in this course we think he was entirely justified. The persistent enthusiasm was simply a vulgar demand for a second concert, and instead of being a true compliment to the artist was an attempted extortion. The encore nuisance, especially at "popular" entertainments, has become an outrage on good manners, and singers are fully justified in setting their faces against it. There are occasions when encores may be regarded as honest expressions of admiration, and it would be injudicious to abolish them utterly. But they ought to be reduced in frequency; and such scandalous outbreaks as occurred in Liverpool on Wednesday should be condemned as equally offensive to the artists and the reputable portion of the audience."

Our great singer is continually exposed to these annoyances; and his manful resistance redounds to his honour. The *Liverpool Porcupine* also appears in the lists, as champion for what is true and right. Thus speaks our poly-quilled contemporary:—

"The disturbance at the Sims Reeves concert on Wednesday evening recalls disagreeably the encore nuisance against which from time to time we have protested. At almost every concert or operatic performance given in this town a small lot of persons seem to have it in their power to alter the whole scheme of the entertainment, by noisily insisting on the repetition of parts of the programme. These people are invariably a miserable minority of the audience, and their proceedings proclaim them to be as stupid as they are mean and greedy. They have paid the smallest sum that will gain them admission to the house, to hear a performance the particulars of which have been advertised, and their endeavours are to coerce the *artistes* to give them as much more as they can wheedle or bully out of them without additional payment. The rudeness with which they levy this black-mail is equalled by their artistic ignorance. They interrupt the *prima donna* in the middle of an air to show their admiration of some incidental embellishment, and they ruin the dramatic force of the most interesting operatic situation by insisting on the repetition of the hero's passionate avowals or the heroine's despair. It has been suspected that these fellows are sometimes paid by the managers of entertainments to stimulate the applause, and this would certainly account for the *mal-a-propos* manner in which the duty is performed; but we more incline to the belief that they are of the mean class who seldom spend a shilling on music, and who are determined, when they do, to have all they can get for their money. From a crowded concert like that of Wednesday it is impossible to expel disturbers; but the moral resistance offered by Mr Sims Reeves, if generally imitated, would cure the evil."

Health and long existence to the *Liverpool Porcupine*! May its quills have point, and its shadow never be less. *Be cheem!*

FLORENCE.—The Teatro Nazionale is being repaired and redecorated. It will reopen in the autumn with opera and ballet.

OLDENBURG.—A monument in honour of J. F. Herbart, writer on philosophy, will be unveiled on the 100th anniversary of his birth, next year, he having first seen the light here on the 4th May, 1776. Herbart possessed considerable talent as a musician, composed Pianoforte Sonatas, and was the author of a work entitled: "*Physiological Considerations on the Theory of Tone.*" There is an interesting article concerning him in H. Mendel's "*Musikalisches Conversations-Lexicon.*"

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

At the recent Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, in St Paul's Cathedral, the orchestra (52) was led by Mr Frank Amor. Mr George Cooper being unwell, his place at the organ was taken by G. Martin, Mus. Bac. The overture to *The Last Judgment* was played before service, and about a dozen numbers from the same oratorio formed the anthem. The Canticles ("Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis"), by Mr Henry Gadsby, had already been performed on a previous occasion (St Paul's Day, Jan. 25), with full orchestral accompaniment. The chorus was nearly three hundred strong. The soloists were Masters Hollis, Grover, and Brereton (sopranos); Mr Frost (alto); Messrs Kerr Gedge, Thornton, Kenningham, and Raynham (tenors); Messrs De Lacey and Winn (basses)—all members of the St Paul's choir.

For the forthcoming Norwich Musical Festival (commencing on Monday, September 20th), the following artists have been engaged, viz.:—Mdlle Emma Albani, Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle Mathilde Enequist, Mme Patey, and one of Mr Mapleson's most recent and brilliant successes, the charming Mdlle Anna de Belocca; Messrs Lloyd, Guy, Minns, Wadmore, and Foli, with Sir Julius Benedict as conductor. The sacred performances are to include Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *Hymn of Praise*; Spohr's "God, Thou art great;" selection from Pierson's *Jerusalem*; Haydn's *Imperial Mass*; Sullivan's *David and Jonathan* (composed for this Festival); Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*; and Handel's *Messiah*. Among the attractions announced for the evening entertainments are Randegger's *Fridolin*, and Sir Julius Benedict's *Legend of St Cecilia*. The Festival is to take place in St Andrew's Hall.—WESTON S. JACKSON.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the Students' Concert, given at St James's Hall on Thursday evening:—

Allegro con fuoco, from Trio in B flat (Op. 6), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Miss Emily Banks, Mdlle Gabrielle Vaillant, and Mr Buels)—Ferdinand Hiller; Songs, "Venetianisches Gondellied," and "Wanderlied" (Miss Amy Aylward)—Mendelssohn; Allegro, from "Faschingschwank aus Wien" (Op. 26), pianoforte (Miss Edith Brand)—Schumann; Trio, "Words are weak" (*Solomon*) (Miss Shaboe, Miss Richardson, and Miss Arnold)—Handel; Song, "When the orb of day, reposing" (*Euryanthe*) (Mr Howells)—Weber; Notturmo, in E flat (first movement), for pianoforte and violin (Miss Harper and Mdlle Gabrielle Vaillant)—Dussek; Song (MS.), "The Tree and the Maiden" (Miss Mary Davies, Welsh Choral Union Scholar)—H. C. Banister; Sonata, in E minor, pianoforte and violoncello (Miss Turner Burnett and Mr Buels)—Walter Macfarren; Lied, "Nachtgesang" (Miss Reimar—violin *obbligato*, Mdlle Gabrielle Vaillant)—Hauptmann; Motett, for female voices, "Surrexit Pastor" (solos by Miss Larkcom, Westmorland Scholar; Miss Farrar, Miss Grace Bolton, and Miss Bolingbroke, Parepa-Rosa Scholar)—Mendelssohn; Study in A minor and Traumeswirren, pianoforte (Miss Ethel Gould)—Thalberg and Schumann; Song, "On a Faded Violet" (Miss Annie Butterworth)—E. H. Thorne; Duet in F minor (MS.), pianoforte and violoncello (Miss Prescott and Mr Buels)—Oliveria Prescott (student); Songs, "Oh, Tell me, my Heart" and "A Hunter's Song" (Mr Wadmore)—Mendelssohn; Song (MS.), "The Grave" (Miss Grace Bolton)—Corder (student); Quartet, "Blessed are they," *St John the Baptist* (Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Thekla Fischer, Mr Howells, and Mr Wadmore)—G. A. Macfarren; Allegro Brillante in A (Op. 92), for two performers on the pianoforte (Mr G. F. Smith and Mr H. Walmsley Little)—Mendelssohn; Trio, "Le faccio," *Il Matrimonio* (Miss Marrietta, Miss Larkcom, Westmorland Scholar, and Miss Grace Bolton)—Cimarosa; Twenty-fourth Psalm, "The earth is the Lord's" (solos by Miss Marie Duval, Miss Grace Bolton, Mr Nichol, and Mr Ap Herbert)—Spohr.

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Alice Curtis (Potter Exhibitioner), Mr W. W. Bamfylde, Mr Walter Fitton. Mr Walter Macfarren was the conductor. Among the pieces that attracted more than usual attention were Dussek's Notturmo for violin and piano, so capably played by Miss Harper and Mdlle Vaillant that everyone regretted the minuet and trio, which complete the work, were not also given; Mr Walter Macfarren's clever sonata for pianoforte and violoncello; two songs by Mendelssohn, sung by Mr Wadmore, who pleases more and more every time he comes before the public; and Mr Banister's song, "The Tree and the Maiden," excellently sung by Miss Mary Davies.

PROVINCIAL.

DEPTFORD.—A concert was given at the Christ Church Mission Hall, in aid of the Organ Fund. A number of ladies and gentlemen proffered their services in the cause, and gave a very agreeable entertainment. One of the hits of the evening was Mr Arthur Thomas's rendering of Wilford Morgan's new song, "I would be a boy again," which was unanimously encored.

WORCESTER.—The *Worcestershire Chronicle* informs us that the performance lately, of Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*, by the Worcester Philharmonic Society, is deserving of the highest praise. Mrs A. J. Sutton (soprano), Miss Minnie Watkins (contralto), Mr W. M. Dyson (tenor), and Mr Orlando Christian (bass), were the principal vocalists. The choruses were given with a precision that reflected credit upon the conductor (Mr Done), and those under his direction. The duet for tenor and bass, "Whatever mine eyes desire," was deservedly followed by universal commendation, and Mrs Sutton was called upon to repeat the song of *Salome*, "I rejoice in my youth," and the beautiful quartet, "Blessed are they," was also repeated. The audience was very numerous, all parts of the Music Hall being well filled; and we are sure that those present will join with us in expressing a hope that the society will give us the opportunity of listening to many more oratorios as promptly and satisfactorily performed as was Macfarren's.

BRIGHTON.—There were no less than three *prime donne* at Mr Kuhe's concert given last Thursday week, in the Dome, viz., Mdlle Albani, Madame Marimon and Madame Vilda. The *Guardian* remarks that—"The improvement in artistic finish, and the development of sympathetic and intellectual qualities shown by Mdlle Albani since last year, make her perhaps the most promising artist now on the Italian lyric stage," and that she "won the hearts of the ladies immediately upon reaching the orchestra, for she gave them something to look at and talk about in a splendid example of the heavy floral trimming which is just now the tip-top of fashion in London!" The same journal goes on to say—"Mdlle Marimon's reception was that of a great public favourite, her vocalization was as brilliant as ever and her voice appears to have increased in volume. Madame Vilda was recalled after Froch's "Air with variations" and Mr Kuhe, who was received with special heartiness, played his "Gondola," Thalberg's A minor study, Tito Mattei's "Grand Valse de Concert" and was recalled after each performance. Sir Julius Benedict was the conductor. The seating arrangements were carried out by Messrs R. Potts and Co. with the usual attention and completeness of that firm.—Madame Martorelli Garcia, Madame Osborne Williams, and Signor Gustave Garcia, have been singing at the Aquarium concerts. Madame Patey is to be the vocalist to day.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S RECITALS.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

The second pianoforte recital of Mr Charles Hallé took place at St James's Hall on Friday last, by special desire. The Princess of Wales graced the performance with her presence. Mr Hallé had selected five *morceaux* from Spohr, Schumann, Raff, Leclair, Bach, and Beethoven, and was assisted by Mme Norman-Néruda and Herr Franz Néruda, violinist and violoncellist. Spohr's Trio in E minor, Op. 119, commenced the recital. The first movement (*moderato*) was exquisitely given; the *Larghetto* in A major was much applauded; the *Scherzo* and *Finale* being equally successful. Schumann's "Humoreske" in B flat, Op. 20, No. 1, for pianoforte, is justly described in the programme as "simply a caprice of fancy, which defies analysis, being constructed in no form that can be reduced to rule." Mr Hallé played it to perfection. Mme Norman-Néruda delighted the audience with a Cavatina in D, by Raff, and a Tambourin in the same key, by Leclair, being accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr Hallé. Mme Néruda was at her best, and Leclair's Tambourin elicited a hearty recall. No. 4 was a "Preambulum, Aria, Passepied, and Gigue" for pianoforte, by J. S. Bach—the first and last in G major, the Aria and Passepied in E minor. Mr Hallé always plays the music of Bach *con amore*, and his hearers never fail to appreciate what he does. The recital was brought to an end with Beethoven's Introduction and Variations in G major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, on the popular air, "Ich bin der Schneider, Kakadu," from Wenzel Müller's *Schwester von Prag*, an opera produced at Prague in 1794, and afterwards performed in Vienna. These variations serve to show how the great musician could develop the most trivial theme. They were admirably played throughout. Mr Hallé must be congratulated not only on the selection of his programme, but also on his masterly performance.

MUSICAL MEANDERINGS.

(At a Concert in St James's Hall, Thursday Evening, May 13th.)

There seems to be a peculiar charm to the human mind in that which is connected with the past: in any relic, so to speak, which is suggestive of that relic's surroundings, now no longer to be realised except by the imagination. Whether this temper of humanity arises from curiosity, from a vanity that may nearly always be gratified by measuring the present with bygone times, or from a desire to gauge by comparison the exact rapidity with which our race continues to refine upon refinement, improve upon improvement, is a matter of speculation; but that it is by no means an exceptional temper among us none can deny. How otherwise can one account for the almost rabid covetousness with which the collector of supposed objects of beauty will pounce upon some hideous abortional shape in stone, or frailer substance—or stand in ecstatic devotion before some grotesque representation on canvas or paper which, if produced in the present day, would swiftly gravitate to its home behind the fire? The glamour which transforms the imperfections of the art-works of our ancestors into attractiveness, even to minds that perpetually bask in the bright presence of Art in her strong unveiled beauty, as revealed by the light of the nineteenth century, can proceed but from one cause. We do not regard them as co-existences with the Art that is—but as echoes of the Art which is not: that Art which was, one may almost say, but the distorted shadow cast before of those grand proportions we are ever scanning and essaying to measure with our eager eyes. Although this sentiment, in many cases but a half affectation, but lightly touches the taste whose roots are hardened and strengthened by years, it has its dangers for youthful, sensitive minds; minds that, regarding the present with wondering eyes, are glancing from the past into the future with a dangerous hesitation. If that is to be admired—they may reflect—how can this be right? If this, to which my whole soul cleaves, in whose beauty I would bathe and revel for ever, if need be, be true Beauty, how am I to acknowledge that for Beauty also, and compress and twist my power of appreciation to its strangeness, dwarf my own mental stature to bring me on a level with that for which I have a natural abhorrence? This unsettled state engenders disquietude, which may subside out of sheer weariness of the perpetual battle of taste into an acceptance of the false: and there may be an artist lost. And we hold that every young being, as he bears within himself the elements of perfection, must be an artist in embryo; must have his little niche prepared for him in one of the long solemn vistas of the vast Palace of Art; and, should he turn aside from the search for the path thereto, there is an artist lost, and humanity suffers.

To this possible loss there is but a feeble counterbalance in the condemnable notion that age covers a multitude of art-sins; but counterbalance there is. Without its protection, what would become of those whose fault it is, not that they were born before the time that art development began with electric speed, and international commingling brought us fresh art blood and nerves, and the inundation of excellence in all branches that flooded and extinguished the weak pipings of the incompetent? None would listen to their meek and feeble antiquations. And some of the stronger among these stood against the overwhelming current, and even yet lift up their heads and pipe—not without some excellence, if one recedes into the shadows of the past, and judges them in its semi-obscurity. They should be protected; and protected by the strong shield of the sentiment above alluded to they are. They come before the public hand-in-hand with the renowned artists of the day, and the public tolerates them. They give concerts, as did Miss Steele the other evening, at St James's Hall, and a large circle of friends responds to the summons, applauding them with the same measure, overflowing into encores, that is accorded to such public favourites as, for instance, Mr Santley, whom Miss Steele showed much shrewdness in securing as the very corner-stone of her programme. Mr Santley's name is a sufficient guarantee for any programme in which it appears; nor can any audience be sufficiently chilled by continued applications of mediocrity, not to be instantly roused into enthusiasm by the first accents of a voice which, wherever heard—in opera, hall, or concert-room—has a power of magnetizing the emotions of the listener, which would seem almost superhuman, did it not proceed from a power which is occasionally permitted to stalk this matter-of-fact earth—Genius. To Genius belongs the power to electrify; in some cases where it is perverted, to disgust and offend; but always to produce a strong emotion. It may thrill the soul like a passionate spiritual embrace, or it may enter it to bring the cold shudder of a sword thrust—which impression it frequently makes when it exists without art. Genius is the kernel, art the fruit; imperfect apart, together they form a complete whole.

In Mr Santley we have an example of what Genius can be when devoted to the true interests of Art, instead of disdaining and casting aside her gentle harness. He does not alarm us with eccentricities, or startle us with inexplicable flights and flashes. Whatever we hear from the lips of this great singer, of whom we are so justly proud, is a legitimate and dignified exposition of musical idealism. It is hardly

possible to overrate an artist, who, in full possession of that electrical ferocity which so often renders the mind of its possessor beyond control, can patiently devote himself to the study of the ideas of others, to the rendering of works with a religious regard to the intention of the composer. When Mr Santley sings, he seals the music upon the minds of his listeners, first melted by the warmth of his sympathetic tones; but he seals them with the true impression which would be recognized by the intelligence that conceived it. On the occasion to which we refer, he gave two songs of Schumann's (one the well-known "Widmung"), and introduced a new song by Louis Diehl, an impetuous setting of some five verses of Lord Lytton's, entitled "Absent, yet present." That the song was encoired was not remarkable, as it is mostly Mr Santley's fate to be brought back to the platform; nor was it astonishing that in the repetition of the song the delicate touches of sentiment should be somewhat varied. Genius being a spark of the great creative power is nothing if not creative; and, however tutored and controlled, will hardly manifest itself twice alike in the whole of its erratic and restless career.

On this occasion, when the past was so curiously dragged into the light of the present, the concert-giver was assisted by many artists of note—Madame Corani, Miss Severn, Mr Lloyd, Messrs Walter Bache and Pague, Mr Corney Grain, and others whose performances demand no special comment. As at other benefit concerts, the music was chosen with reference to the brevity of programme and the taste of the audience, who, as long as Miss Steele tempts them with such allurements, will doubtless be ready to respond to her summons.—Z.

MDLLE MARIE KREBS.

(From the "Standard.")

The success of the two recitals recently given by Mdle Marie Krebs was so great that the young artist has been prevailed upon to announce two more similar entertainments, the first of which took place on Wednesday afternoon, at St James's Hall, which, taking into consideration the untoward state of the weather, was remarkably well filled. There can be no doubt that performers falling in the least degree short of excellence are not qualified to come before the public in the character of reciters; for concerts of the recital class, besides affording intellectual gratification, play another and a far more important part—that of an educative medium, in which a model of executive style is put forward for young aspirants to the honours of the pianoforte to take example by. Mdle Marie Krebs has earned the right to have her performances accepted in the light of pure indications of the various composers' intentions, and hence her recitals are patronised largely by those who have a musical career before them, as well as by those skilled musicians and practised virtuosos who admire excellence in art for its own sake. Hence it behoves the pianist to choose her programme with care, selecting rather those classical works with which the rising generation of practical musicians are likely to make personal acquaintance, than pieces calculated to exhibit her own individual prowess over the instrument. With the selection of Wednesday's recital, no fault can be found. It opened with a prelude and fugue of Bach's in A minor, and included Beethoven's sonata in A flat major (Op. 26), the one containing the variations and the funeral march; Sterndale Bennett's three musical sketches, "The Lake," "The Mill Stream," and "The Fountain," the last of which was encoired and repeated; Chopin's nocturne in C minor (Op. 48, No. 1); and Etudes in G flat, C sharp, and A minor; Haydn's variations in F minor (Op. 94); Schumann's Arabesque and Novelette (Op. 21, No. 7); a "Pensee" by Krebs; and a Tarantelle Toccata by Charles Mayer. Such a collection of pieces (with the exception of the prelude and fugue) might be found in the portfolio of many students of average proficiency; and young pianists should, therefore, be grateful to Mdle Krebs for volunteering a lesson in them—for a lesson, and nothing short of it, it was, Mdle Krebs playing with such beauty of phrasing, such admirable light and shade, and such delicacy and precision of manipulation, that each particular *morceau* was rendered a model thoroughly worthy of emulation. It would be invidious to particularize Mdle Krebs's playing in each separate piece; it is enough to say that in all she was completely excellent, and that Sir Sterndale Bennett's beautiful sketches were so keenly relished by the audience, that Mdle Krebs was fain to repeat the last. The compliment of a recall was also paid to the pianist after her admirable rendering of Chopin's very characteristic studies. Altogether the recital was an unalloyed success. The second recital is announced for June 2.

MANNHEIM.—Mozart's *Zauberflöte* was performed, on the 9th inst., at the Grand-Ducal Theatre for the 200th time. The performance was ushered in by a "Festspiel"; the chorus was increased; even the smaller characters were sustained by leading artists; and everything was done to celebrate worthily the occasion.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS RING OF THE NIBLUNG.

BY F. HUEFFER.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

It is my purpose in the following pages to give some account to the English reader of a work which, to say nothing of the much-disputed question as to its musical or poetical beauties, commands by its scope and dimensions the attention of every student of literature and art. I am speaking of the drama, or rather, the sequence of four dramas, the tetralogy in which Wagner has grappled with those oldest and mightiest types of Teutonic lore which, in the Runic measures of the Icelandic sagas, strike us like the phantoms of a wild dream, gigantic at once in their beauty and boldness. The difficulties of handling such a subject need not be pointed out. These types, by their very essence, are entirely removed from the sphere in which our modern thoughts and actions lie. Our customs, our morals are unknown to them. The laws by which they act, or by the breaking of which they perish, are derived from an unwritten code of their own, being more intuitively felt than consciously known by themselves. They are led by their own free impulse, where we anxiously regard the opinions of others. They represent, in short, the pure symbols of primeval forces, while we are the compounds of consecutive generations. To bridge over this chasm, dividing the old age and the new, to strike that cord of purely human feeling which binds and blends men of all times and nations, is the work of the poet; for he alone is able to combine in his own nature the consciousness of modern thought with the intensity of prehistoric energy of action. But only to a man of the highest genius can it be given to combine in his own being and to symbolically unite in his creations two principles seemingly so antagonistic. Such a poet—for it is to his poetical no less, or even more, than to his musical capacity, that our attention will be directed—I recognize in Richard Wagner.

Before trying to prove the truth of this assertion by an analysis of Wagner's last and greatest work, the *Ring of the Nibelung*, I must ask the reader to follow me in a short survey of our master's previous career; for only in this manner can it be shown how by the gradual purification of his own artistic nature he was led to the purest sources of poetry, the mythical creations of earliest popular feeling. A few biographical facts illustrating this artistic progress may prove an addition not unwelcome to the English reader.*

When, in 1838, in his twenty-sixth year, Wagner began the composition of his first important opera, the German and, indeed, the European stage, did not offer a hopeful aspect to a composer of artistic aspirations. In Germany, the later and lesser composers of the Italian and French schools, such as Bellini, Donizetti, and Adam, reigned supreme. Wagner himself has told us how the trivial productions of these men which, as musical director of a small theatre at Riga, he had to conduct, almost brought him to despair. In Paris, on the other hand, at that time the musical centre of Europe, the great traditions of Mehul, Cherubini, and Boieldieu, were more and more lost in the spectacular effects of a new school, at the head of which stood Meyerbeer, in the full splendour of a European reputation. He is the chief representative of what has been described as the "historic" opera, a branch of art which but too often renounced its high-sounding name by appeals to the lowest taste of the vulgar. No admirer of Meyerbeer's great and indisputable gifts can but regret the musical and poetical atrocities with which he and his librettists have defaced such works as the "Huguenots" or the "Prophet." Wagner, although filled with the grand inspirations of Beethoven's genius, was too much allured by the charms of immediate success not to accommodate himself to some extent to the clamorous demands of contemporary audiences. His *Rienzi* was written with a view to seeing it performed at the Grand Opera in Paris, and, in consequence, conceived in the spirit of coarse effectiveness prevailing at that institution. Fortunately, we may say, in the interest of true art, Wagner was to be utterly disappointed in the hopes founded on this work. In vain he

went to Paris to gain by personal intercession a hearing for it. Theatrical managers looked with suspicion on a young, unknown foreigner, unsupported by a clique, and without journalistic or social interest of any kind. Wagner was brought to the verge of actual starvation. He had to undergo all the horrors of musical drudgery, such as arranging popular airs for the cornet-piston, to secure a scanty maintenance for himself, his wife, and an enormous black dog, with which, in his worst circumstances, he refused to part. His feelings at the time he has rendered in some small stories and essays, descriptive of the bitterest pangs of personal and artistic disappointment. But this misery eventually proved to be the cleansing fire of his artistic career, from which his strong nature sallied forth to purer and higher spheres of action. He soon felt the necessity of giving vent to his personal misery in song. Taught by misfortune, he learned to despise the gifts which Fortune refused to grant. Regardless, nay, scarcely desirous, of success, he now determined to follow only the voice of his own nature, which urged him to embody the sorrow of his heart in the creations of his genius. It was in this mood that Wagner began and finished in but seven weeks the composition of his second opera, the *Flying Dutchman*. The doomed wanderer of the main, homeless, and longing for home, on the waves of a borderless sea, expressed but too well the misery of his own situation. Indeed, this personal conception of the hero of his story strikes us in Wagner's score with almost lyrical power. The pity we feel for the fate of the unfortunate sailor is therefore of a personal kind. We look upon him not as an impossible phantom, but as a man overwhelmed by sufferings, such as we ourselves have experienced, or may be subject to any day of our lives. Pity and fear—Aristotle's criteria of the tragic subject—are roused in a sense all the more intense, and all the more lasting, as, on examining our sensations, we find that they have been excited by the purest creations of imaginative power, unaided, but also unencumbered by references to the unwieldy facts of history, or the narrow troubles of our daily existence. In this circumstance, the enormous superiority of the mythical over the historical or domestic subject-matter seems to consist. The latter only represents what actually has happened; the former leads us back to the fount of unalloyed volition, from which all actions flow—to the *noumenon*, indeed, of which the world and its appearances are only the shadow. It is in this way that, for instance, the Greek tragedy combines the closest realism of psychological detail with its sublime idealism of motive.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

(A TESTIMONIAL. MAY 19TH, 1875.)

When blustering storms, which break the Sabbath's peace,
All through the morn and noon, sink down to rest,
As Nature bids their thousand voices cease,
And soothes young sobbing winds upon her breast,
Till, when the sunset hour at length draws nigh,
An unexpected calm reigns, soft and wide,
And from a grateful world goes to the sky.
The worship which the stormy morn denied.
The peace-crown'd worship of a Sabbath eve—
Can Heav'n from earth a fairer gift receive?
Fairer the ev'ning of a great man's day,
When noon-tide foes are silenc'd all, or slain;
When envy and neglect (worth-murderers they!)
Loosen their spite-charg'd bows, which twang'd in vain;
When honour's hand, though tardy, not too late,
With hard-won gems bedecks the artist's brow:—
Gems bright, yet not seductive; Heaven's near gate
Lets out such light, earth fails to dazzle now;—
When, after day-long storms, celestial rays
Thus softly paint his sky, 'tis with a shewn,
Straight from the Fount where light eternal plays.
And this, O Benedict! thy evening scene!
Grand master, when thine hour of rest draws near,
Fear not to sleep, for, waking, mayst thou find
The deathless beams thy genius kindled here
Have done the noble work by God designed,
And warm'd to life the heavenward spark in many a night-lock'd
mind.

MRS H. VAN LANDEGHEM.

* For a more comprehensive account of Wagner's life and works, I reluctantly refer the reader to my book, "*Richard Wagner and the Music of the Future*," published last year.

PRESENTATION TO SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

The long-talked-of "presentation" to Sir Julius Benedict came off yesterday afternoon in Dudley House, by consent of its noble owner, next to whom, on the platform occupied by the Committee, was his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. A more gratifying ceremony has rarely been witnessed. It was a genuine acknowledgment of distinguished worth, to which the artistic talent and the personal qualities of its recipient may be said to have preferred equal claims. In 1835 a young German musician arrived in England, whose chief recommendation lay in the fact of his having been Weber's favourite pupil. That this predilection on the part of the composer to whom we owe *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon* had not been indiscriminately bestowed was soon made evident. In a short time Benedict earned a name and fame among us, which, as years rolled on, obtained more general and hearty recognition. How, with sure steps, he rose gradually to the place he now occupies, at the head of his profession, is familiar both to amateurs and musicians, by whom he is equally regarded and esteemed. It is not our object, however, to describe the public career of Sir Julius Benedict. His long residence in this country, which, since the date already specified, he has adopted as his own, absolves us from any such task. Enough that what during these years he produced as a composer—from the opera called *The Gipsy's Warning* to the oratorio *St Peter* and the orchestral symphony in G minor—is sufficient to declare him master of almost every form of musical expression; while in other branches of his calling he has laboured with no less industry, perseverance, and success, not only adding new treasures to the repertory of his art, but, through less demonstrative, though scarcely less useful, channels, striving to advance it. That a testimonial of esteem in acknowledgment of Sir Julius Benedict's eminent services had been projected some time ago, those interesting themselves in such matters were aware; nor was the fact that the idea met with unanimous approval among his numerous friends and admirers any secret. The presentation, originally advertised to be made on the 70th anniversary of his birth had, for various reasons, been postponed—one reason being the death of Mr John Mitchell, who was the first to assume the direction of the scheme. Mr Thomas Chappell, however, undertaking the responsibilities left open by his predecessor, there was no further cause for delay; and yesterday, as we have said, the presentation was made in Dudley House. A more distinguished company of art-representatives in every sphere has rarely been brought together on such an occasion. The chair was taken by Lord Dudley himself, who, in a very interesting and discursive speech, referred to Sir Julius Benedict's career, dwelling upon the qualities, artistic and social, which had raised him to eminence and achieved for him his well-merited position. The noble president then, in the name of the contributors, presented the testimonial to Sir Julius, who tendered his acknowledgments in such terms as expressed his strong sense of the honour, and his satisfaction at the manner in which that honour had been conferred. Although seemingly overpowered with emotion, Sir Julius Benedict spoke well and to the purpose. Under less trying circumstances he would have said more about the kindness he had experienced here, about his lengthened sojourn among us, about what he had observed, and what he thought of England and its musical representatives. But in his transient records of Mendelssohn and Weber, Sir Julius has exhibited a ready pen, which, let us hope, may, sooner or later, be employed on those particular topics. Not the least memorable incident of the day was a short address from the Duke of Edinburgh, in the course of which his Royal Highness desired to express his high esteem for the recipient of the testimonial. There were other speeches—among the rest one proposing thanks to the Committee (responded to by Mr T. Chappell), and one from Lord Dudley, who had travelled from Florence expressly to assist at the presentation, proffering the hospitality of his house to all who had come there to do honour to his friend, Sir Julius Benedict.

It should be added that the testimonial consists of a splendid ornamental silver table service, with the subjoined inscription:—"Presented to Sir Julius Benedict, Kt., at Dudley House, on the 19th of May, 1875, by a large circle of Amateurs and Artists, the Earl of Dudley, President, in appreciation of 40 years of labour for the Advancement of Art, and as a token of their esteem"—the arms of Sir Julius and the various decorations conferred upon him being engraved on the reverse.—*Times*, May 20th.

VERONA.—A new theatre is to be constructed here for drama, opera, and equestrian performances.

THE "NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL" ON ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Last night the Sacred Harmonic Society closed the season, with Handel's "greatest choral work"—*Israel in Egypt*. That this is his greatest choral work no one will dispute, for it is choral from beginning to end, with very little of either song or recit. to relieve the monotony. And ho! what monotony! Twenty-eight choruses (thirteen of them succeeding each other without a break) of the most stupendous character, most of them double choruses, written, not because the subject demanded such treatment, but simply dashed off, in one of the great master's most magnificent rages, in the incredibly short space of twenty-seven days, for the purpose—the only purpose—of showing his contempt for his English patrons who, for the most part, were more enamoured of song than of chorus. Handel and the public were not on good terms. Imperious, as great geniuses so often are, it was his fashion to give expression to his feelings in the orchestra, not in the "mildly persuasive manner of the Costas and the Farmers of our time, but by smashing a violin over the head of the leader, jumping into the big drum, kicking the double bass into the reserved seats, and then ejaculating 'Vat te tevil!' At the age of fifty-three (when he composed *Israel*), he was no longer able to give such striking proofs of his regard, and was therefore compelled to satisfy himself by piling chorus upon chorus in such reckless unnecessary fashion that the critics of that period declared that he "tore their ears to pieces." In spite of the motive which prompted him, Handel could not do other than write good music, and as such we must look at it. The opening chorus "And the children of Israel sighed" is wonderfully expressive of the wearisome burdens endured with enforced patience by the Israelites, the sighs and cries of the weaker ones blending with the steady tramp of the strong, the incessant toil pictured by the long succession of crotchets, while the minim, with its *cres.* and *dim.* effects, oft repeated on the word "sigh'd," combine to form a picture which one cannot contemplate without emotion. "They loathed to drink of the river," (No. 4), gives adequate expression to the words by the quaint and intricate modulations which must sadly have perplexed many a singer who thought himself well able to sing at sight. The succeeding air, "Their land brought forth frogs," is an indignity alike to the oratorio, to the performer, and to the listener. Handel forgot what was due to his art when he condescended to imitate the jumping of a frog by a squeaking fiddle. Imitation is not Art. How shall we complain of popular violinists imitating the crowing of cocks and the braying of asses on an instrument which has not deserved such degradation when we find Handel setting the example? Of No. 6 it suffices to say that no amount of good music can make so disgusting a theme tolerable. No. 7 is a masterpiece. Here we have true inspiration, and can understand how the hailstones and the fire mingled ran along the ground. We want no theatrical rain to make this picture complete, nor do we need the lights to be extinguished in order to realize the "thick darkness" (No. 8)—"The darkness which might be felt." In No. 9 ("He smote all the first-born"), if Handel intended by the frivolity of the music to intimate that such smiting was a happy thing for the Israelites, the chorus is a success; if, on the other hand, the idea to be conveyed is that for every house in Egypt to find its first-born dead, an event which would cause such universal terror and grief, and which we, after a lapse of some three thousand years, must regard as an awful interposition of Divine wrath, the chorus is a failure, and needs excision. No. 10 ("But as for his people") is in violation of the rules of English accentuation. No. 12 is a gem in miniature, and makes us wish for more of the same sort. The accompaniment to No. 14 ("But the waters overwhelmed their enemies") induces one to believe that the enemies are rapidly running away, and that unless the waters are active they will not overtake them. The double chorus "I will sing unto the Lord," is thoroughly Handelian, and contains some of the finest writing in the work. No doubt this is a favourite chorus amongst singers, because of the hearty exercise it calls for. After singing ten pages of semi-quavers *a tempo giusto* with a dashing accompaniment, there is a sense of satisfaction apparent on the countenances of the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which indicates plainly that they have done their duty and they know it, and therefore (oh excellent logic!) the music is perfection. How often do we claim perfection for that which we admire, although such claim is founded on the shallowest of pretences. In aspiring to be a judge of what is artistic, there must be an utter abnegation of self; and just as a dramatic author is not competent to be a critic of the drama, so a member of a chorus is unqualified to form an opinion of the merits of a work in which he performs. In the second part we have more diversity, which is unquestionably a great relief to the listener. The duet, "The Lord is my strength," is a florid composition, which gives a rare opportunity for two sopranos to compete for honours, which opportunity is presented to the basses, after two short choruses, in the fine duet "The Lord is a man of war." This composition is a masterpiece, and stands out prominently amongst its fellows as a genuine "Reubens" does in a gallery of pictures by

inferior artists. "Thy right hand" is a dashing chorus which needs and generally receives, vigorous treatment. A couple of choruses which call for no special comment bring us to the *chef d'œuvre*, "I will pursue," a song which Sims Reeves has done so much to make famous by his execution, as Handel has by his composition. No doubt Mr Rigby would have done his best, but it is no disparagement to that gentleman to say that there has only been one Handel and only one Sims Reeves. The air "Thou didst blow" is a *bravura* which calls for great powers of execution. Passing on without remark we come to the final chorus, "The horse and his rider," which worthily brings the great work to a close. Our remarks upon No. 18 embody all we would say upon this chorus. And so ends the great work—the work which during Handel's life time was performed only nine times, so much was the popular feeling against it. We are told that we have yet to be educated up to it, which we trust is not the case. Minerva, saintly patroness of all that is good and beautiful, preserve us from being educated up to a succession of double choruses, big drums, trombones, and jumping frogs! Rather let us be educated to and by the soothing influence of the "still small voice" which Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Rossini, and others found more powerful than the noise of earthquake and of hurricane. It is something like sixteen years since *Israel* was performed in this town: let us hope that at least another decade may pass before we hear it again, by which time it is to be presumed that some of the more venerable members of the society will have retired upon their laurels, and have given place to fresher if not more vigorous voices.

[Bravissimo! Nottingham. We shall henceforth to the gigantic capital of Nottinghamshire, for everything in the shape of unflinching musical criticism.]

Otto Beard.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.*

Easy writing makes proverbially hard reading, but we should say of this book that it was as easy to write as to read. Those who knew Balfe in private can readily understand that his was just the life that would make a delightful biography. It is not the greatest men whose lives have the greatest interest. The true hero dwells apart, is a bright particular star, and the whole interest centres in himself. Balfe certainly was not a great man. We find no fault with Mr Kenney's estimate of his ability. Hero worship is a necessary quality in a good biographer. But Balfe's life could not but be interesting. It was essentially a public life. He was always more or less before the footlights. At the age of eight he played at a public concert, in a violin concerto of Mayseder's. He was one of those few "youthful prodigies" who not only came out, but did not go in again. Music seems singularly unfortunate in producing evidences of great promise and healthy performance. At nine he wrote a ballad, which Haynes Bayly afterwards set to words, and used to be sung by Vestris in *Paul Pry*. He used to tell that he went as a boy to the gallery of the theatre, and while the building rang with applause, could not help confessing to his neighbours that he was the composer, a statement received by them in a manner not flattering to their estimate of his truth. While the boy was still young his father died, and a few days after the funeral the future composer took, without suggestion or advice, a step that was all important in his career. Charles Horn was at that time in Dublin, playing at the theatre. Young Balfe called upon him, and the result of the interview was that he was articulated to him for seven years, and started off for London. In London he soon got an appointment in the Drury Lane orchestra, then conducted by the famous Tom Cook, and made his mark so distinctly that he often wielded the *bâton* in the absence of the chief. On one occasion a foreign adventurer paid him £10 to write a fresh score for an old opera. Balfe wrote the score, and spent the money on a trip on horseback to Rochester with a friend, where they put up at an hotel, gave out their names as Sir George and Lord William, and had great deference paid to their assumed rank. His next effort was to succeed as a vocalist. Here fortune was less favourable. He got an opportunity of making his *début* as Caspar in *Der Freischütz*, and failed egregiously.

At the house of a wealthy banker he met one day at dinner an Italian nobleman. Even during the introduction the stranger seemed sadly put out, and in the course of the evening explained to his host that young Balfe bore a striking resemblance to a son

he had just lost. The young musician was invited to show his art, and sung and played, and so won the heart of the stranger that he received an invitation to return to Rome with Count Mazzara, all the expenses of his journey to be defrayed by the Count. Such an opportunity was not to be neglected, and the journey was commenced a few days afterwards. On their way south the travellers stopped at Paris, and there Balfe was introduced to Cherubini, the director of the Conservatoire, who was so pleased with him that he offered to complete his musical education in Paris. But Balfe's ambition was only to be satisfied by a visit to Rome, and he proceeded with the Count. The kindness that began so suddenly did not end capriciously. The hospitality of the Palazzo Mazzara was extended freely to the young *protégé*, and, when at length he left Rome for Milan, his future wants were provided for by his romantically-attached host. Strangely enough, the great opera-house of La Scala was then managed by an Englishman, and to him Balfe brought letters of introduction from his friend and teacher Federici. But the manager, when he heard of the genius of his compatriot, shook his head, and said that nothing musically good came out of England. Perhaps the verdict was not very far wrong. However, there came a time in the management of the theatre when some music was wanted to introduce a ballet. The manager had "concocted" (we are using the word in the text) a grand ballet. The scenic artist—curiously enough also an Englishman—had done his part with, what was in those days no doubt, suitable magnificence. The music only was wanted, and that young Balfe supplied. It had a great success, and the composer seemed on the high road to fame. But fortune shook her wings and flew away. The English manager found he could not continue his rule at Milan, and Balfe determined to leave Italy and return home. On his journey he stopped a few days in Paris and called on Cherubini. The veteran composer had not forgotten him, asked him to dine to meet Rossini, then almost in the zenith of his fame. Balfe often described that memorable dinner party. Rossini played. His wife (Colbrand, the original Rosina in the *Barber of Seville*), sang. Balfe was invited to the piano. He had at that time a fine baritone voice, and, to the surprise and delight of the whole room, sat down and gave the "Largo al factotum" with such effect that Rossini offered to give him introductions to Bordogni, the then celebrated teacher. The offer was taken, and a new chapter in this eventful life opens. After a year's study he made his *début*, selecting the popular opera of his friend for his first appearance. The cast on that night is given by Mr Kenney, and the names take us back into old times. Sontag was the Rosina. Bordogni was the Count, Figaro was assigned to the *débütant*, and Bartolo fell to Graziani, the only present survivor of that brilliant company. The best test of Balfe's success was that on the third night the manager offered him an engagement for three years, on the extremely liberal terms of 15,000 francs for the first, 20,000 francs for the second, and 25,000 francs for the third year. Thus he gained a position which brought him at once fame and emolument. But the composer was not merged in the opera singer. Cherubini still gave him lessons and Rossini advice. He had now gained such faith in himself, that he resolved to pay a second visit to Italy, and it was on this occasion that he first met Grisi, whose beauty, he used to say, acted upon him like inspiration. He soon got another engagement, and shortly afterwards made his first appearance in the opera-house of Palermo, on the 1st of January, 1830, in Bellini's *Straniera*. His success was so unequivocal, that the opera was repeated for seventy nights, which nearly completed his engagement. That year he returned to Milan, where Malibran was *prima donna*, with whom he sang in the *Cenerentola*, *Barbiere*, and *Otello*. Mr Kenney mentions an amusing story in connection with this period of Balfe's life. A Venetian *impresario* had gone to great expense in the erection of a theatre, and the inauguration of the building had been fixed upon, when the untimely death of the Emperor of Austria rendered the ceremonial impossible. It was suggested to give a grand opera instead, and Malibran was appealed to. She consented to sing. The house was crowded; the opera was the *Sonnambula*. At the end of the "Ah! non giunge," Malibran's foot slipped as she trod on a leaf of one of the bouquets that had been flung on the stage. She would have fallen but that Balfe, who was the Rodolfo, caught her up. Even as it was, her slipper

* "A Memoir," by Charles Lamb Kenney. (Tinsley Brothers.)

came off, and fell into the pit. Immediately there was a skirmish for its possession, and, to create some diversion from that part of the house, Malibran deliberately threw the other shoe in an opposite direction. The curtain fell, and, amidst deafening cheers, the manager led out the *prima donna*, and announced that his theatre should be called, from the events of the evening, the "Teatro Malibran," a name which the building still retains. Here it is well that our notice of the book should stop. Mr Kenney has such an interesting story to tell that we have no desire to interpose between him and the public, to whom we can conscientiously recommend the "Memoir."—*Globe*.

WAIFS.

The Swedish Ladies Vocal Quartet, of the Royal Conservatoire of Stockholm, comprising Mdles Hilda Wideberg, Amy Aberg, Maria Pettersson, and Wilhelmina Söderlund, have arrived in London.

VERDI'S REQUIEM.—In consequence of the great success which has attended the production of this work, we understand that Signor Verdi has decided to remain here a short time longer in order to give two special extra performances. These are to take place on Saturday and Saturday week, with the same advantages which have so materially contributed to the success of the previous performances. The tickets will be reduced to the ordinary concert tariff.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, of which his Grace the Duke of Manchester is president, held their third conversation in the Suffolk Street Galleries, on Thursday evening. Reception commenced at eight o'clock, and, three-quarters of an hour having been spent in the inspection of an admirable selection of paintings and objects of interest, a well-arranged programme of music was performed, under the direction of Mr Alfred Gilbert, supported by many well-known artists.

The International Mozart Institution in Salzburg, through their representative in London, Mr Sigmund Menkes, sent the following address to Sir Julius Benedict, on the occasion of the presentation to him of the testimonial at Dudley House. Sir Julius Benedict has acquired for himself the gratitude of the institution as one of its greatest and most zealous fosterers. He conducted last year the Mozart Festival at Covent Garden Theatre, and has promised to do the same at the grand concert which is being prepared at the Alexandra Palace during the present season.—"Illustrious Master,—If we enter on this festive day the circle of your numerous friends and admirers, to offer you, spiritually, our respects, may you be pleased to accept this address as a proof of our wish to take every opportunity of expressing the gratitude we feel to our zealous and noble fosterer. May God preserve you still many years, for the benefit of humanity—for the joy of art. (Signed) Baron STERNWECK (President), Count LAMBERG (Lord Lieutenant of the Province of Salzburg)."

A SINGULAR LETTER.—Sir,—I am directed to say that it is considered that an undue interval has elapsed between the close of the Worcester Festival and your return to home duties. The Festival terminated (with the *Messiah*) at 3h. 35m. 17s. on Friday. A train left Worcester within three hours from that time, allowing ample opportunity for "packing up." You might (and should) have been back in London on Friday night. Yet you are still loitering. These provincial festivals are all very well in their way, and must be recorded; but they cannot be allowed to supersede events of nearer interest; among which must be reckoned the Gun-Cotton concerts about to take place, in which that explosive will be found to supply a hitherto unfulfilled want—a *very deep, full note*, answering instantly to the *bâton* of the conductor. To treat this most important and novel musical feature properly, a series of preliminary chemical studies is essential; and for this arrangements have been made by the office, requiring your presence in London forthwith. Owing to your extraordinary delay, this had to be forwarded by special engine from Paddington Station this morning (see date), the expense of which (the cashier informs me) will be debited to you.

London, September 13, 1869.

W. J. W. H. L.

WEIMAR.—Liszt has been here for some little time, and, with a few short breaks, intends remaining the whole summer. *Tristan und Isolde* was to have been performed on the 15th and 19th inst., with Mdme and Herr Vogl, from Munich, as representatives of the principal parts, but the performances had to be put off in consequence of the artists having sustained a severe loss by the death of a child.—Preparations are being made for a memorial service to Mad. von Mouchanoff, who died last year. A *Requiem* by Liszt will be included in the programme. Wagner will come over expressly from Baireuth for the occasion. Mad. von Mouchanoff was the lady to whom—greatly to her annoyance—Wagner dedicated his treatise: "On Judaism in Music."

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SUNG BY

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING

AT THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group four of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times*, Nov. 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard*, Nov. 13.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard*, Nov. 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Fall Mail Gazette*, Nov. 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenaeum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 18.

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG, "TENDER AND TRUE,"

SUNG BY

MISS EDITH WYNNE

AT THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

"The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang a new song, 'Tender and True,' by Arthur Sullivan, the beauty of which, aided by a most tasteful rendering, elicited an encore."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 13.

"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored, and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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